MUSICAL COMMENT.

MUSIC IN LONDON AND NEW-YORK AT QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION.

. J. Spencer Curwen, of London, has published in pamphlet form a paper entitled "Music at the Queen's Accession," which he read before the Society of Arts and the London Institution in March. It is an unpretentious brochure, without the slightest effort in the direction of rhetoric, but the most interesting and sententious review of the state of music in London sixty years ago that we have yet It would take almost as much space to tell what it contains as to reprint it, but some of the sed by without comment. In one respect its moderation is really remarkable: Mr. Curwen does not feel called upon to proclaim loudly the musical talent of Queen Victoria, and in this has shown greater judgment, better taste and more respect for the art than some English historians, who have not hesitated to destroy the symmetry of their books in order to pay tribute to the royal taste and knowledge. He says, however, that the young Queen "had a musical reputation." When she paid her first visit to the City after her accession Sir orge Smart conducted the dinner music at the Guildhall, and is reported to have said to the musicians: "We must be very particular, for if we are at fault Her Majesty's ear will detect the blunder." A newspaper of the time remarked: "Her Majesty sings light Italian airs with considerable sweetness and judgment; indeed, far better than some professional singers." "The Musical World" ad-dressed the Queen on her accession, and expressed the hope that she would protect and patronize the British musician. "Has Her Majesty done so?" Mr. Curwen asks, and then comments: "The cult of Italian music and musicians was at its height when Her Majesty's taste was formed, and it has had its place at Court longer than in the nation at The conception of music as something foreign, just as sport and commerce are English, remains. Ideals in art are not easily changed." Prince Consort comes in for higher praise: "He attended the opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and had state concerts at Windsor at which oratorios were performed. His published music is known. The Prince desired that music should be universally taught in the national schools."

For the sake of a comparative view, which, unhappily, must be very imperfect, so far as New-York is concerned, the chief musical agencies which were at work in London are here hurriedly marshalled. The principal singers at the Italian opera were Grisi, Pasta, Ivanoff, Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache. The favorite composers were Bellini, Donizetti and Rossini. Mozart, Zingarelli and Mayer were also heard, as well as the Riccis and Determined efforts were making to establish English opera. The high-class concerts were those of the Philharmonic Society ("high-toned and cautiously progressive"), the Antient Concerts (founded in 1776), the meetings of an orchestral body called the Societa Armonica and the Moscheles planoforte soirces. Of the choral bodies existing at the time Mr. Curwen mentions the Choral Harists, the Melophonic Society, the Cecilian Society, the City Classical Harmonists, and, greatest of all, the Sacred Harmonic Society. Chorley, reviewing the music of the year 1837, says he could name a hundred smaller societies in active work in the metropolis. None of the choral societies had been long in existence, the earliest date mentioned by Mr. Curwen is 1833, though he implies that one society had been organized prior to that time. Madrigal and glee clubs were plentiful. A society of British musicians had been founded three years be-fore to exploit the music of native composers, but was "constantly engaged in welcoming foreign musicians and performing their music." Mr. Curwen comments: "What difference has sixty years made the state of things which prompted this society? Does not the British composer still feel that in this country he is handicapped in favor of the for-eigner?" Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was brougst out at the Birmingham festival, the pianoforte score of which, published by Alfred Novello, cost 32 shillings. It was before the era of cheap music, and works were extensively copied by hand. The English singers of the period were Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Kuyvett, Miss Birch, Clara Novello, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Shaw, Braham. Novello, Hawkins, Vaughan, Hobbs, F. and J. Robinson and Phillips. "In the parish churches music was much neglected. There were no choirs. The service was said, not sung. Even the canticles The service was said, not sung. Even the cambles were spoken. In the prose psalms and the suffrages and responses parson and clerk performed a duet." In town churches barrel organs were used, and in rural churches there were bands of amateurs—workingmen generally. "Though the printed books did not sanction it, there is ample testimony that the ancient custom of putting the melody of a tune in the tenor lingered. More than once I have heard men describe the skill of their mothers in extemporizing a 'counter' above the air, made up chiefly of the alto and tenor an octave

Mr. Curwen's paragraphs on popular music we

Mr. Curwen's paragraphs on popular music we must give in full:

It was a year earlier (1835) that Rice, an actor at the Adelphi Theatre, in a play called "A Flight to America," personated a negro and sang the song "Jim Crow." with its rousing chorus, "Jump, Jim Crow!" The piece became the rage of the town. There were Jim Crow hats, coats, etc. "The Morning Chronicle" of December II, 1837, announces as "a great novelty" "the American Minstrels, self-taught men of color from Philadelphia, in a geries of morning concerts of national music." Thus began the minstrel cult, which has shown remarkable persistence, so that after sixty years banjo and plantation song flourish more than ever.

Did the people themselves sing? Of course they did, just as they laughed and talked, just as they sorrowed and joyed. T. Haynes Bayly's ballads, "I'd Be a Butterfly" and "Oh, No, We Never Mention Her" were whistled and hummed. Henry Russell's songs were floating over from America, where he then was, and there were songs of a rougher kind. At Christmas the waits were universal, and voices. Then there were ballad-singers, men who sang and hawked their penny broadsides to the remotest hamlet. The street ballad flourished greatly at this time; within a few hours of any event of public interest a song, set generally to an old tune, was ready for distribution, and fire-sides were soon vocal with it.

"The only account of Lendon street music I have come across is in Fenimore Cooper's "English Sketches," issued this year. It is curlously favorable. "London street music," he says, "is the best in the world. Respectable artists walk the streets and play Rossini. Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, and have always almost fancied myself in Venice or Naples, though surrounded by the dingy bricks of London."

Now, for the completion of the picture, let a glance be taken at the musical doings on this side of the Atlantic. At the time of Queen Victoria's accession Italian opera had had a trial of only twelve years in New-York. The companies of Garcia, Montressor and Rivafinoli had made financial failures, which embittered the last years of Lorenzo da Ponte, Mozart's librettist, who was interested in one capacity or another with them all. There was no opera in 1837, and Da Ponte, the stately octogenarian, was sinking into his grave. He died within ten weeks of the Queen's coronation, in 1838. English ballad opera, however, had been enjoyed by the people of New-York ever since the middle of the eighteenth century. Performof the Atlantic. At the time of Queen Victoria's the middle of the eighteenth century. Performances like those of London were given in the Park Theatre. In 1837 Mme. Caradovi-Allan came from England and, after singing in concerts for a time, drifted into English opera. Within a year the Seguins, who belonged to the company of English singers with whom Mr. Bunn was making his "determined efforts" at the English Opera House, came to New-York, bringing with them W. M. Rooke's "Amelie, or the Love Test," the very work which Mr. Curwen mentions as "genuine native opera." Of the singers at the Italian opera, two came to New-York-Grist and Mario-and they in 1854. Of the English singers mentioned, New-York made the acquaintance of Mrs. Seguin in 1838, Mrs. Bishop eight or nine years later, Braham in 1840; Phillips had been twice in America, the last time in 1823. Many of our middle-aged concert-goers remember Mme Anna Bishop, who came to New-York within ten years after the Queen's accession, with Bochsa, the harpist, and made the city her home up to her death, in 1884. Henry Russell, to whose songs Mr. Curwen refers, made the city her home up to her death, in 184. Henry Russell, to whose songs Mr. Curwen refers, spent seven years in America, singing in concerts and composing songs. In the year of Victotia's accession he brought forward an oratorio of his composition in Boston. It was entitled "The Skeptic," and he not only conducted the performance, but also sang the principal solos. His most intimate literary associates in New-York were George P. Morris, Epes Bargent, Henry John Sharpe and Park Benjamin. The words of the songs which "were floating over from America" were from their pens. Morris wrote "Woodman, Spare that Tree" and "My Mother's Bible"; Sargent, "A Life on the Ocean Wave"; Sharpe, "Rockavay," and Benjamin, "The Old Sexton." New-York had no Moscheles, but it had a pupil of his, who was also a pupil ence removed of Beethoven. This was David Schlesinger, who was encouraged to become a musician by Ferdinand Ries, who taught him in London before he went to Moscheles. Schlesinge: taught in London, became a member of the Philbarmonic Sockety, played at zeme of its concerts,

producing some of his own compositions, and came to New-York in 1836. His second appearance in this city was at one of Henry Russell's concerts in 1837, and one of his pieces was a set of variations on American airs. It was the excellence of the performance of the orchestra at a concert given in his memory which suggested the organization of the New-York Philharmonic Society, in 1842.

In respect of choral societies the American record bears comparison with that of London very admirably. In his book, "How to Listen to Music," Mr. Krehbiel claims priority over all the world for America in the establishment of amateur oratorio societies. The oldest society mentioned by Mr Curwen is the Sacrel Harmonic, which was founded in 1832. In the year of the Queen's accession the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston gave its twenty-second annual series of concerts. It performed the Chevaller Neukomm's oratorio "David" no less than ten times (the work enjoyed phenomenal popularity here-it was composed for the Bir niingham festival of 1834), Haydn's "Creation" once, Handei's "Messiah" once, Haydn's Mass in B-flat once, and brought forward a new oratoric by Charles E. Horn called "The Remission of Sin," words selected from Milton, which had been composed two years before for the Sacred Music So-clety of New-York. This society was the leading musical organization of New-York in 1837. It was founded about 1823 and performed "The Messiah" in 1831 with a chorus of seventy-four voices and ar orchestra of thirty-eight instruments. Thereafter it gave an oratorio every year so long as it rethe concert field in 1837 were the Euterpian, an amateur band which dated back to the years of the eighteenth century, and the Musical Fund, a professional organization, which had an orchestra of thirty-eight instruments. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," whose production in Birmingham was one of the notable occurrences of the year of Victoria's accession, was performed by the Sacred Music Society in New-York on October 29

An extremely interesting project is outlined in the

An extremely interesting project is outside in the following circular:

It is proposed to give during the season of 1837-38 a series of twelve concert sofrees, under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl, in the baliroom of the Hotel Astoria, corner of Fifth-ave, and Thirty-fourth-st. The sofrees will be arranged upon a plan somewhat novel in this country, but successfully in vogue in the Continental capitals of Europe. Tickets will be sold only by subscription for the season, and will be strictly limited to a number far below the seating capacity of the hall. The forty-three numbered boxes in two tiers will contain six fauteuils each, and the floor will have a limited number of fauteuils in a space that would accommodate twice that number. In connection with the hallroom, which will be splendidly furnished and decorated, and forming a part of the suite, there are spacious reception-rooms upon one side and a large conservatory upon the other. The baliroom is reached by a separate entrance, guests being left by their carriages within the wails of the notel, and finding at their disposal the most perfect arrangement of cloakrooms, etc., that could be devised. A large orchestra, composed of the very best musical talent, and specially selected by Mr. Seidl, has been secured, and his name, so long and favorably known to all New-York, is sufficient guarantee that the music will be on the highest plane. The orchestra will be assisted by the most distinguished soioists obtainable, and the management, ready to bringing Europe's most celebrated artists before the American public. It will thus be seen that the music will be patronage in Berlin, Vienna and Munich, and have been revogalized as events of the highest order without being pedantic. The first concert is expected to take place upon the opening of the hotel carly in November, and subsequent concerts will be given on alternate. Thursday evenings at 3 o'clock. The boxes seating six, of which a number have been taken, will be sold at a uniform price of \$\$250, and single s following circular: It is proposed to give during the season of 1837-'98

THE LITTLE PATIENT'S FIRST WISH.

A FAIR-HAIRED TEUTON WHO CALLED FOR BEER IN THE HOSPITAL.

A patient was discharged from one of the Brooklyn hospitals not long ago whose departure was an occasion for universal regret on the part of the entire house staff. The doctors and nurses were no the only ones who mourned him, either; all his fellow-sufferers who occupied little white cots in the same ward were disconsolate when they had to

bid Claus goodby.

He was the little son of a big, bluff German saloon-keeper, whose grief, when he arrived at the hospital beside the ambulance in which Claus lay, was pitiful to see. The child had been run over by a trolley-car near his home, and both feet were cut off at the ankles. He was unconscious, happily, and did not come to himself until his wounds had been airy ward. Several physicians and nurses were watching him, and pitying him the more, as people will in such cases, because of his beauty. Certainly he was a handsome child, of the true Teutonic type, with a fair, pink-and-white complexion and bright, golden hair. Presumably his eyes were blue, but he had not yet unclosed them, and it was to see him do this that the group of persons stood around him with anxiety expressed in their faces. Presently he stirred slightly, gave a quick, faint little sigh, and slowly raised his blond lashes. Yes, his eyes were blue, but his watchers had scarcely time to note this when the rosy lips moved as if the child wished to speak.

"What is it, dear?" asked a nurse, bending low "What is it, dear?" asked a nurse, bending low to catch the answer. But the boy's voice was stronger than would have been thought possible. All those around the cot could hear him as he expressed this single wish:

"Beer! I—want—some—beer."
Doctors and nurses alike were quite bereft of words for a moment. Could it be that this cherub was actually asking for beer? Prosaic though it might be, there could be no mistake about it, for he had already repeated the word for the third time.

me. "Go and get him some-quick!" exclaimed one of the young "internes," who was first to recover from the shock. And so they did. Beer is not the usual restorative for a patient in Claus's condition, but rules were thown to the winds in order to gratify the whim of this true little son of the Fatherland.

Fatherland.

As Claus grew better, and was able to sit up, he proved to have a disposition as sunny as his hair. He had thought at first that the hospital doctors were going to "put the feet on again," as he said, and was much disappointed when he found that this could not be done. When he was well enough to leave the hospital his father came for him, and the brightest little figure in Ward No. 4 disappeared as quietly as it had come.

HE HELD UP A TRAIN SINGLE-HANDED.

and that hundreds of short states a small army of robbers.

After it was all over, however, it was ascertained that the deed was the work of one man. He had gone swaggering through the train and alongside of it crying out orders to his "men," accompanying each order with a victous oath and a pistol shot. The trainmen and the passengers concluded that a band of robbers had surrounded them and were lying alongside the railroad track ready to send a volley of rife bullets into the train at the command of the leader. The robber is said to have secured a lot of rich booty from the mail car, but he was unable to get into the safe of the express car, and contented himself with small articles.

A hot search was immediately made for the robber through the mountains about Uintah, but without success. Sheriffs, constables and detectives finally abandoned the scarch, but Uncle Sam's men never grew weary, and it is claimed that a strong case has been made against True.

ELASTIC ADVERTISING RATES.

From The Chicago Times-Herald. When the advertising agent of one of the greatest shows on earth-for in the circus business "greatest" is not a superlative term at all-visited a small town in Kansas last summer he called upon the editor of the local paper and inquired the cost of a double column display advertisement

ARTISTIC BOOK COVERS.

THE ATTRACTIVE EXHIBIT AT THE AL DINE CLUB.

CHEAP AS WELL AS EXPENSIVE BOOKS MAY BE HANDSOMELY COVERED NOWADAYS-SOME S'RIKING DESIGNS.

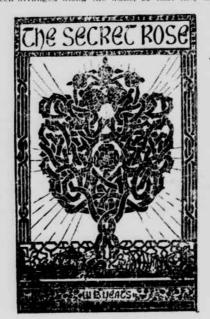
Only a few years ago an exhibition of book covers representing the average standard of work of the leading publishers would have been an ex-ceedingly monotonous and uninteresting affair. It has been the general idea until comparatively recently that it was unnecessary to pay any attention to the outside of a book, and the result of putting this theory into practice was that all bindings strongly resembled each other on a dead level of insignificance or positive ugliness. The exhibition of recent book covers, with many of the original designs from which they were made, which

Fifth-ave., shows the rapid changes that have taken place in this branch of bookmaking. most striking feature about it is that it is a collection of publications of all kinds, and not



nized that no matter how cheaply a book may be got up in respect to its paper, printing, etc., it may just as well have an artistic and attractive novels now appear with original and often beautihe a poor apology for a book indeed which does not put forward some claim to merit on the strength of its outward form. Some of the most gifted artists, whose work has won renown for them in other lines, have lately been content to devote a large share of their time to the designing of book covers, and since then the work has been raised out of the domain of mechanism into that of art.

The covers now on view at the Aldine Club have



be easily examined, the productions of each publishing firm being kept together. All the leading houses are well represented, and the books of the houses are well represented, and the books of the Century Company, Harper's, Charles Scribner's Sons, Putnam's, Lippincott's, Macmillan's, Appleton's, John Lane, Dodd, Mead & Co., Houghton, Millin & Co. and numerous others rival one another in their pleasing appearance. It is interesting to compare the original design made in waterfind to compare the design of the finished cover as it finally appears. While the designer's ideas are carried out as closely as possible, there is often wide variation from them in respect to color, Frequently the artist paints his design in tints thich cannot be reproduced exactly in cloth.

There is one cover shown the groundwork of which is a medium shade of olive green, while the original design is much lighter in hue. The altera-



tion of this color in the design has made necessary the deepening of the blues and yellows in it also, in order to preserve the original harmonious effect. Sometimes a color is changed, not because it has been impossible to produce it, but because it was considered not quite suitable for the style of the book. Thus there may be seen an original design in a pale old rose, accompanied by the finished cover in one of the deepest and richest shades of that color. The artist's idea in this instance was altered because it seemed rather too delicate and decorative for the volume in question. decorative for the volume in question.

In the collection of covers shown by the Century

Company, that of Mrs. Barr's new book, "Prisoners of Conscience," stands out prominently from the others. Upon the brown lines ground there is set a window in a green frame. Through its panes may be seen an expanse of green waves. A may be seen an expanse of green waves. A schooner of the same tint is riding upon them, and is outlined against a huge, saimon-colored sun. The background of the sky is of gold, and the effect of so many colors is extremely decorative, in the poster style of art. The design is the work of a young artist named Hadaway, and it is the first thing which he has done for the Century Company. "In the Tideway," for the Century Company, and the decoration in their exhibit. It is bound in blue cloth of a soft shade, neither dark nor light (the original design is much brighter), and the decoration, in gilt, represents a vessel adrift on tossing the time of the work of George Wharton Edwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of bookwards, who is one of the most successful of book of the foot cover, and the decoration of the book of the foot cover, two shades of gilt the centre of the front cover, Two shades of gilt the centre of the front cover, Two shades of gilt the centre of the front cover, Two shades of gilt the centre of the front cover, Two shades of gilt the centre of the front cover, Two shades of gilt the centre of the front cover, Two shades of g

yellow, while the other, which brings out the higher lights, is brilliant, and is so put on as to stand out in relief. An edition of "Hamlet," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., shows the same raised gilt decoration upon dark red.

Among the Harper books is "The Mistress of the Ranch," in dull olive-green cloth. The front cover is divided lengthwise in half, the right portion bearing a landscape, in which the shades of grass, sky and trees are pleasing, although the effect is that of a lonely stretch of country. "The Square of Sevens," also by the Harpers, has a more strictly pictorial cover than most of the other books. On the sombre gray ground there is a scene, done after the poster style, of a woman seated at a green table, upon which are spread the cards with which she is reading destiny. Her figure is in unrelieved black, which stands out prominently against a gold background of wall behind her. At her side sits a black cat, watening the cards intently with its gleaming green eyes. "The Story-Teller's Pack," by Stockton, which is among the Scribner books, has an all-over conventional design of pale blue and gold lines upon a green ground. The lettering is also in gilt.

The covers which have been provided for sheet music have always been distressingly and unnecessarily ugly, and with the reform in bookbinding has come an improvement here also. Some of the effects in black and white which are shown on music covers at the Aldine Club are really beautiful, resembling fine etchings and engravings. A large number of new and artistic posters are also shown in connection with the book covers. They are by well-known artists, and their striking colors lend a bright touch to the entire exhibition.

The cover of "The Secret Rose," which is here reproduced, is not among those at the Aldine Club. It is an English book, published by Lawrence & Bullen, and the peculiar design of the cover is in Celtic style, symbolical of the heroic and legendary tales of Ireland of which the volume is composed.

THE KAISER'S FRENCH TEACHER.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM II'S BOY-HOOD BY M. AYME.

HOOD BY M. AYME.

Paris correspondence of The London Globe.

M. Ayme, who was professor of French to the German Emperer from Octobe: 1875, to June, 1877, is on the eve of publishing his memoirs, some of the proofsificets of which have been communicated to us. Contrary to what might be expected, the Professor says that during the whole of that period he rever had a quarrel with his pupil, who always showed toward nim the greatest kindress and respect. M. Ayme does not attempt to hide the fact that he still maintains a most lively and sympathetic feeling for His Majesty. "I knew William II when he was only seventeen years old," says the Professor, "and I am glad to see that he practices to-day the same doctrines as those which he professod formerly. The contradictions in his character are only apparent. He is intelligent to the highest degree, and is endowed with such a capacity for labor and assimilation that he can approach without ridicule the most diverse subjects in the field of human knowledge. He has one weakness, if such it can be called in the case of a monarch—he is fond of show, but only when he appears in public. In his inner life he is the most simple, familiar and agreenble man to be found in his kingdom. He is faul of the tand wit. His look is frank, his smile affable, his bearing modest, and all who come acress him feel his irresistible sway. He is fond of France (sie): he reads our books and papers with eager pleasure; he admires our works of art, and snecks our tongue with ease and perfection. He also speaks other languages, notably Italian and English. How many times has he not said to me: 'The day when the French kept and the German belmet march together, what will become of Carthage?"

M. Ayme says that Prince William and his brother Henry, in order to keep them away from the influence of the Court, were sent to Cassel. 'Their daily contact with the bourgeoisle,' continues the professor, 'led them to associate at an early age in the currents of popular aspiration, the importance of which they Paris correspondence of The London Globe.

DISCUSSING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR DISCUSSING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

The professor next tells us that it was his custom to choose for his lesson some literary or political event of the moment. One day, however, the subject happened to turn on the war of 1870-71.

"It was you who declared it," said the Frince to me. "It was you who made it inevitable," I responded. And arguments of all kinds, good, had and indifferent, followed in rapid succession. "Well," said the Prince, in a calm and thoughtful tone, "listen to me. You know that papa is interpable of dissembling. Now, the day on which the war was decided officially, I remember with posinful precision the scene of which I was a witness. It took place at Fotsdam, We were preparing to sit down for dinner, when papa suddenly came in, pale and dejected, "Alas" ne cred, as he kissed us, 'the die is cast—France is determined to go to war. Ah, my children, what a frightful calamity." M. Ayme adds that naturally the dinner was not gay, and if anybody had seen them at their moment it would have been difficult to suppose that the horrible news filled them with delight.
On another day the subject of the lesson was the

From The Detroit Free Press.

"When we borrowed money for our bank in olden times in Northern Arkansas," said a banker. "I used to go to the neighboring towns and get the gold. Then I had to carry it by stage over the mountains to our place. Of course I took mighty good care that no one should know. If I could help it, just when I was to make these trips. I also it, just when I was to make these trips. I also kept it as secret as possible what my reasons were for going to the other town, talking about mort-gages, investments, business matters and everything except transporting gold.

"At first I would take the bag of gold, just as it was given to me in the bank, put it on the seat of the stage, place a rug over it and use it for a pillow, endeavoring to snatch a little sleep during that long night ride. One day somehow I got nervous. I guess it was that mysterious sixth sense some people talk about that worried me. Anyhow, I was just trembling all over when I thought of the journey and the gold. I never felt the least bit apprehensive before. So I went to the grocer's and bought a bag of flour, poured out a portion of the contents, and put the bag of gold well into the centre of the bag of flour.

"The stage rattled off, and I used my bag of flour for a pillow." dozed off a bit, I guess, and was rudely awakened by the horses being jerked up. The next moment we—there were two other passengers—heard that dreaded:

"Hands up!"

"We didn't hesitate and up went our arms. They went through us and got several dollars and a couple of watches. Then they examined the grips and looked at the bag. I trembled as they opened it and the flour poured out. To my joy they did not examine ray bag further. Finally they departed, and I tled up my bag with feelings of profound gratitude, for had they taken the gold I would have been financially ruined.

"You've lost some of your flour, mister,' said one of the passengers."

"Yes,' I said, but they left the most valuable flour in the bag.'

"And truly they left \$15,000 in coin. That

KEPT IN COLD STORAGE.

POULTRY AND GAME JUST AS GOOD AS EVER AFTER SIX MONTHS.

ROOMS IN WHICH A FILM OF FROST COVERS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT-WHERE THE BIG GAME IS KEFT IN PILES.

Progress in the art of cold storage has made it possible for those people who can afford to pay for the luxury to have their table supplied with any-thing in the way of game at any time of the year. large restaurants how certain food articles are procured in large quantities out of season, but a visit to one of the cold storage places where the preser-

PECULIARITIES OF THE ELEPHANT

HIS ANIMOSITY DANGEROUS TO AROUSE AND NEVER FORGOTTEN-A HIGHLY DE-VELOPED INTELLIGENCE.

cured in large quantities out of season, but a visit to one of the cold storage places where the preservation of such articles is the chief business will explain the matter.

The keeper of a fashionable restaurant said that the cold storage business had done wonders for his branch of trade.

"We have customers from all parts of the country," he said, "and people's tastes are in keeping with the places from which they come. It matters little where a man comes from nowadays or the season of the year when he comes to us—we can give him his favorite dish at any time, and as good as he can have it at home. People from abroad who had heard of our game used to trouble us by asking to be served with birds out of season, but they can have them now, when they please, and they are always as good as the fresh article."

One of the most complete plants for the preservation of poultry and game is connected with the The St. James's Budget.



a year passes between receipt from the producer and delivery to the consumer. The remarkable

AN ENGLISH CALCULATION OF WHAT A CHAIN OF LETTERS WOULD COST IN POSTAGE.

From The St. James's Budget.

The committee of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund have had to announce that they have not authorized one of those worrying "snowball contributions" to ald their efforts. Some misguided friends, it appears, started an "anonymous snowball contribution" which, I take it, is the old "snowball" dodge, with the difference that you free off a couple of letters to friends but don't put your name to them. I was under the impression that the most absurd and wasteful method of collection ever invented had died a natural death, but I find it still flickers on among those good people who have evidently never multiplied 3 to the power of 50. Only a few days ago I received a letter, the raison d'être of which was "a desire to provide a new ward at Hintsville. Hayarth, Rochdale, near Sydney." I am informed that "at present the children can only be taken in the men's and women's wards, and this practice is obviously detrimental to the patients." Of course. A very terrible state of things, although one has never heard of Hintsville, Hayarth, and cannot find it upon a map.

The letter proceeds to inform me that "a kind friend has promised that if one million used stamps be sent him, he will pay for them at a rate which, with Government endowment, will be sufficient to build such a ward." All I am asked to do is to write three copies of the letter and send them to friends who will do the same, returning the letter Hintsville is described as being near Sydney, but Sydney is not in the United States. Siffin, by the way, is as curious a name as Hintsville. More in sorrow than in anger, the letter points out that "any one not wishing to perform this small act of charity" should return the letter to the lady of the curious name, and "although this may seem a snall thing to do, yet any one breaking the chain will involve serious loss to the undertakers." I can quite imagine that. With several "snowballs" in full swing, the number o

establishment of Conron Brothers, in West Washligion Market. To those who look at the place
from the street it is nothing more than an ordinary
poultry shop; but investigation, especially on a
discretized and boxes of poultry of all kinds from
little Philadelphia broilers to great, extra-size
Thanksgiving turkers and Christmas geese may
be seen on the floor of the shipping-room, where
they are repacked and made ready for shipment.
Each plece is wrapped in white parchment paper,
which when removed shows the fowl covered with
a thin film of frost. The ordinary poultry is
plucked before it is placed in the refrigerators,
but the game goes into the cold storage, feathers
and all, and a snow-like covering lies on the matted
feathers when the boxes in which they come from
the salesroom or refrigerators are opened.

A large ice plant keeps a number of rooms at a
temperature of about 10 degrees Fahrenheit, and in
these rooms the poultry and game are placed and
remain there until called for. Sometimes, when
sales are nearly equal to receipts, the birds are
kept only a few weeks, but more often they re
main in the lee-rooms for months, and frequently
a year passes between receipt from the producer
and delivery to the consumer. The remarkable

"The pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

semant the first state of the content of the conten

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Dieveland Plain Dealer.

The bleycle sundry business has reached vast proportions. Every article needed by the wheelman, and some that he'll never need, is the subject of herce competition. The competition not only covers the manufacturer, but extends to the retail dealer as well. Bleyclo sundries can be found in all sorts of unexpected places. Some of the drygoods people make a specialty of them, and there are many other concerns that carry them as they would any prime necessity. Of course all this makes competition fast and furious, at the regular bleycle stores, Here is an illustration of the way the thing sometimes goes:

An eagle-eyed customer walked into a Euclid-ave, wheel depot last Saturday evening and asked to look at locks. He was shown a lock and chain and inquired the price. The proprietor had sized him up and was determined to make a sale, even if he sacrificed profits to do it.

"Ten cents." he reolled.

A smile of ineffable contempt came over the competition of ineffable contempt came over the light and viewed it at every possible angle.

Then he handed it back to the proprietor.

"Taint worth more'n a nickel," he remarked.

The proprietor looked at him in sorrow.

"If I had known with whom I was dealing," he plaintively remarked, "I wouldn't have put up the price on you. Here, take it as a gift."

And the customer, with a gratified smirk creeping around the corners of his finely chiselled mouth, pocketed the lock and went out into the night.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

The United States Senate seems to have determined to add a stand-up collar to all glasses of beer this summer. That beer tax will go into the bubbles.